



THE TIDEWATER MG 'T' CLASSICS

THE DIPSTICK

MAY 1980

PRESIDENT: Jim Harvard (340-6737)
VICE PRES: Don Moore (481-1801)
SECRETARY: Andy Wallach (583-9387)
TREASURER: Sandy Hall (482-2821)
EDITOR: Susan Beewell (486-1293)

Ah, Spring--

As you read this, Dan and I will be heading for the mountains of West Virginia to "take the waters" at Berkeley Springs, just as the wealthy Southern plantation owners in days gone by used to do. We'll also be hobnobbing with the Chesapeake folk (and assorted ruffians) at their annual mini-GOF. The GOFs that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!!

FROM OLD NUMBER 2400, 4270, 7085, and VM199--

Greetings from Daytona Beach. Brenda, Michael, and I had a splendid trip to GOF South. Brenda has written more on that which will be located elsewhere in this issue. I was involved in one event which she hasn't addressed which bears recounting. Following the judging of the cars, a concours was conducted. I was fortunate enough to have the pleasure of being one of the judges for this event. It was done with a view towards providing the owners/restorers with detailed information on how to improve their cars towards original condition. In fact, both the owners and the judges learned from the event and I enjoyed the opportunity immensely. I propose that we consider doing this sort of thing locally at one of our events or at one of our mini-GOFs.

I received a call from Doug McKay, president of the Healey Club, earlier this week. He has been asked to provide approximately 18 convertibles for a parade in Newport News on 17 May at 10:00 a.m. (This event is now added to our schedule--see the schedule of events in this issue.) Those who look carefully will note that the May event, a scavenger hunt, is also scheduled on this day, but during the evening. The convertibles are intended to provide transportation during the parade for the "Spring Thing" beauty queen candidates and other parade dignitaries. I estimated to Doug that we would probably be able to provide approximately six cars for this event. It will make for a long MG day for those who participate, but it will be a good opportunity to show our colors. I hope that we can provide from both sides of the Tunnel. I plan to participate. Any others?

At the last meeting a discussion was generated on establishing a minimum balance in the treasury. This discussion apparently came up because Hank Giffin was present even though he didn't bring up the subject. Our minimum balance must be based on two considerations--routine expenses and front money for putting on mini-GOFs. Our newsletter is presently costing approximately \$40 per month and will certainly not get any cheaper with the postal service threatening 20¢ for first class mail. I discussed this matter with the Renkenbergers and they indicated that approximately \$600 in front money is required to put on a GOF to cover such things as patches, awards, dash plaques, etc. In view of the above, I propose that we establish a \$700 minimum for the treasury.

As I close this lengthy dissertation, I would like to extend my thanks to the Ashes for the month of March. They hosted both the meeting and the tech session. I understand that the Cascades drive-out and brunch went well except for brakes. Would you second that, Ross?

The season is upon us. Let's 'T' off.

Jim

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT ON THE APRIL MEETING--Andy Wallach (back from Bermuda)

With Richard Hall announcing, "All right, Banvard, take it," the official part of the April meeting commenced at the Ashes'. Due to his demonstration of crowd (riot?) control, Richard was unanimously elected "master-at-arms," whose only responsibility is to keep Levi Tarr under control.

Officer reports commenced with the Secretary asking for and getting approval of the previous meeting's minutes. The Treasurer reported \$852.47 in the treasury (with Hank Giffin drooling in the background), and that Casino Night cost \$82.50. She also reported that Pat McDonald had reaffiliated.

Event's spokesperson Ross Haines, after stating, "Guess that's me since the other two aren't here," inquired about the status of permanent name tags. Since the Name Tag Research Specialist Don Moore wasn't present, Levi Tarr volunteered to check on tags. Discussion, guided by Peggy Bradford, commenced on the scavenger hunt being held on May 17 at the Bradford's and the concern about low attendance at some club functions. The idea of sending out post-cards announcing each event was quickly crushed by Robert Davis, Levi Tarr, and Roy Wiley. Roy did make the suggestion that a new single sheet calendar of events be circulated. This will be done. The expenditure of \$25 for scavenger hunt prizes was approved. Robert Davis floated the idea that we charge for activities and a discussion ensued on the necessary fund level in the treasury. The treasurer mentioned the need for front money for the mini-GOF next year and Hank Giffin elaborated on this topic. After much discussion, it was decided that the club officers do some financial planning and that \$1 per head would be the charge for the scavenger hunt. Peggy requested that scavengers bring munchies along with their \$1. The tech session on the 13th and the Williamsburg drive-out for the 20th were mentioned.

The club has a connection for wire wheel balancing, and for the facing of lifters and rocker arms at reasonable prices. Anyone interested should contact the secretary.

Parts Chairman Mr. Davis stated that he has an assortment of shocks believed to be for Midgets. Also, that Classic Car has some mirrors for \$8 which will fit on the side of T windshields. He reported that Joe McGuire is no longer parts department manager for Chekcered Flag. A new batch of distributors for late TD/TF will be available shortly for \$75.

Regalia Elsie Tarr reported that she has T-shirts, brass hammers and other goodies for sale. Another order for MG shirts was going in with the meeting night the last chance for ordering.

Under Old Business, we had a demonstration by Jennifer Ash on how to turn the stereo on at the Den of Iniquity (Bob Salvin's place). Under New Business, Richard Hall mentioned that trailer tag renewal was due in April and then someone motioned that the club pay for the tags for Richard's whenever-you-need-it-it's-available trailer. This carried eight for and 2 opposed with numerous abstentions. Richard quickly stated that he would not take club money and that he had "just wanted to rattle your chain." Under other New Business, it was mentioned that Dan and Susan Boswell's ex-TD was resold for \$12,000.

As in many previous instances, the refreshments at the ashes' were super and I would personally like to thank Jennifer and Mike for the many times they have graciously opened their home for club events.

The MAY MEETING WILL BE WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, at 8:00 p.m. at the home of Bess Mann.

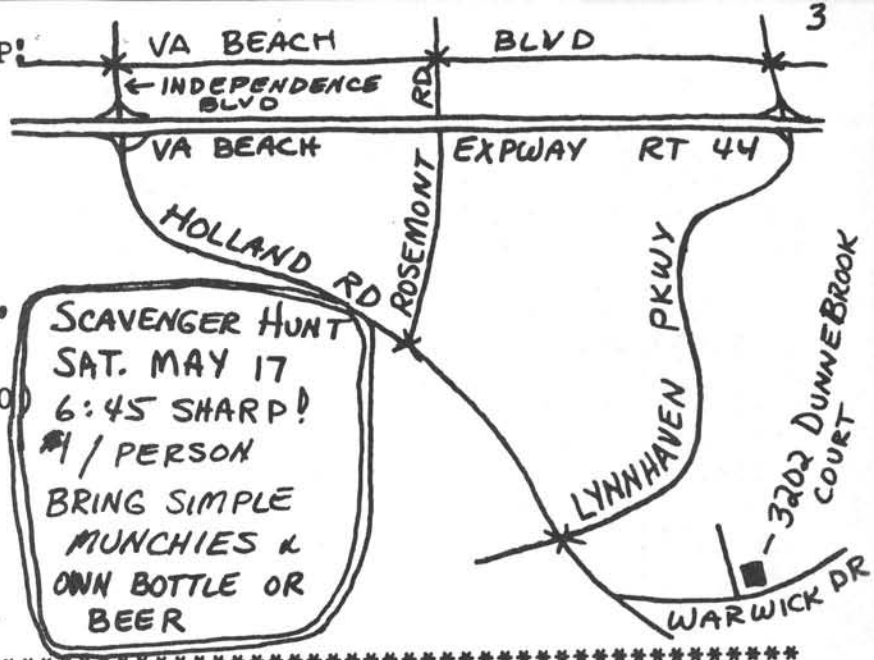
CRUISIN' DOWN THE HIGHWAY IN YOUR LITTLE MG'T!!!

WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO MISS--

MAY 17 (SAT)--SPRING THING PARADE, Newport News, 10:00-11:00 a.m. Jim has already mentioned that they need 25 convertibles to transport BEAUTY queen (Salvin? Davis?) for this parade which will last about one hour and cover route of 1.2 miles through downtown Newport News. Any volunteers, please call Jim Banvard right away at 340-6737.

ALSO ON MAY 17--SCAVENGER HUNT at Brad and Peggy Bradford's, 3202 Dunnebrook Ct.,

Va Beach, to commence at 6:45 SHARP!
 (That means no late arrivals,
 please.) The cost will be \$1 per
 person, prizes will be awarded,
 and please bring your own liquor
 or beer and something simple (we
 stress that word) to munch on that
 does not need refrigeration (pea-
 nuts, popcorn, crackerjacks, chips,
 etc.--but keep it simple). Also,
 we stress this--PLEASE CALL PEGGY
 AT 427-3365 (or at work at 420-4140)
 NO LATER THAN MAY 10 IF YOU ARE
 PLANNING TO ATTEND. She needs a
 head count.



SCAVENGER HUNT
 SAT. MAY 17
 6:45 SHARP!
 \$1 / PERSON
 BRING SIMPLE
 MUNCHIES &
 OWN BOTTLE OR
 BEER

JUNE 21 (SAT)--Field Day at Bay-
 ville Farms.

 COME SCAVENGE!!!

Report on the Tech Session--by Robert Davis
 Attendance at the Ashes by Vince Groover, Dan Boswell, Roy Wiley, Richard
 Hall and Robert Davis.

Vince drank a few beers. Dan stopped by. Roy cut down Robert (so did
 everyone else) and helped Richard and Robert fix the brakes on Robert's TD
 while Mike supervised. Roy dropped the master cylinder filler plug and looked
 for it while thousands of dollars of silicon brake fluid ran onto the garage
 floor. Richard checked out the brakes on his MGA and readjusted everything
 and wanted to know why Robert's Metropolitan was at Watergate Apts. at 7 a.m.
 (another break-in?--Ed. note). Everyone went home.

 SOUNDS LIKE THE KEYSTONE COPS!!!

Gatherings of the Faithful

PAST--TWO 'T's AND 1600 MILES by Brenda Banvard

Well, after all, GOF South was being put on by our old Jacksonville Club
 members. So Thursday, April 17, 7:00 a.m., and there we were--the five of
 us--Jim, Michael, TF, TC, and me. It was cold. I was asking myself--What
 on earth was I doing, setting out in a car whose engine had just been rebuilt,
 whose crank had broken the last time I drove it any distance. The sun stayed
 out and by noon, we had discarded a few layers of clothing, Michael had had a
 nap under the tonneau of the TF and we were covering mileage at the dishearten-
 ing rate of 30 miles per hour due to breaking-in the TC engine and frequent
 stops to rest my weary spine. Scenery was getting more breathtaking as we
 drove down Rt. 17 and then Alt. 17 in South Carolina. The azaleas were magni-
 ficent. Even little shacks had some grandeur. Stopped in Monck's Corner, S.C.
 that night. Set out the next morning at 6:00--not nearly as cold--but the
 TC's starter quit. Jim's a great pusher. Had breakfast in a local cafe in
 Walterboro where our T's attracted lots of interest and the comments of one
 man who was pretty sure this guy across the street had one just like "that
 black one." Names and addresses were exchanged. The TC's engine was deemed
 roadworthy and with a push, we were onto I-95 heading onward.

Got to Jacksonville about 1:30 p.m. Ah, we'll miss rush hour. However,
 the street department was changing the sign on one of the bridges and I nearly
 had a boiling hot TC. Air temperature was now in the 80's. We made it!

Had a great time. Saw Will Bowden, Tony Roth, Chuchu Germano, our friends
 from Jacksonville, Jim Krekovich in his TD truck (beautiful craftsmanship),
 Blair Engle and many others. Tony has this gorgeous SA. We met the owners

of the two tone brown SA which was at Toronto. There was a gorgeous TB Tickford and eight other TCs--of which six were far more gorgeous than mine. Michael had a ball--watched TV (ours is broken) and had a swim in the pool and took 32 pictures. Some super raffle prizes--a set of tires and an engine rebuild--Jim and I did win two books--I think that paid back our raffle investment. We didn't even win distance award. Jim bought a used supercharger and three TC inner tubes at the flea market.

Sunday a.m. after breakfast, packing, and bloody Mary's, we lined up and drove down and around the Daytona 500 Speedway. Wow, what banked curves. The rest stayed to dry out the beer wagon (being towed by Tony's TD) and we set off. The trip home was much faster and Monday about 5:00 p.m., we unpeeled ourselves back at 3633 Van Buren.

AND FUTURE--

MAY 23-25--The Mid Tenn T's Mini-GOF MK VI, at Montgomery Bell State Park, one hour from Nashville. Your editor has application forms.

JUNE 12-15--GOF MK XXX, Hershey, PA. Ashes, Groovers and Boswells are planning to attend. Join us. Application forms and details are in the April TSO. Deadline is May 26.

JUNE 19-22--GOF WEST '80, at the beautiful north shore of Lake Tahoe (wouldn't we all like to). As usual, your editor has application forms.

JULY 10-13--GOF CENTRAL, St. Charles, Ill. (not affiliated with the NEMGTR). For further information and reservation forms, write: GOF CENTRAL, c/o Ric Maitzen, 1722 Pickwick Lane, Glenview, Ill. 60025.

GOF'S GALORE!!

WHAT YOU'VE ALREADY MISSED--Drive-out to brunch at the Cascades in Williamsburg.

Approximately ten cars and seventeen people met at various sites along the way and headed for the Cascades, with Ross Haines and his non-existent brakes well out in front of the pack so he wouldn't hit anything important. The scenery with azaleas blooming in the by-ways was beautiful, the food was delicious, the company congenial. After stuffing faces, the group dispersed, some drawn to the pottery like bees to honey while others wandered around Jamestown before heading home on the ferry. All in all, a delightful day.

PICTURE ME INSIDE YOUR T!!

MG FEVER--by Robert Davis--Special Graduation Issue

(Ed. note--When last we heard from our hero, he was making that big step into the future.)

Well, I had mastered a college Bachelor's degree in only 6½ years. I was only 24 when I had to go out into the cruel world and look for a job. I started interviews the first week of May and later came that dreadful May 8 graduation day. For a while, I thought of changing my major again, but it was too late. The semester before I managed to pick up an additional major in my school which gave me another half a year of the good life. You are probably wondering what all this has to do with MGs. My mom says if it weren't for them, I'd have a Master's degree, a good job, about a grand or two of working capital, probably a wife and last and not least, a Chevy Nova. But I only have three TDs, a YB, a Metropolitan and parts, and parts of three MGAs and one M. Those treasures took me eight years and thousands to accumulate. Who needs to get married when you can drive your love on dates? And that I did, because the blue TD was finally on the road.

After graduation I spent a week on vacation. I didn't go anywhere in particular. I just did what I usually do--work on MGs out in the garage and take an occasional trip. I must reflect on what an eventful trip it was.

Frank Ludlum, an all time old friend and drinking and chasing buddy, and I decided to drive up to Richmond in the blue TD. Friday morning I added another fuel pump and fuel line. I had noticed an occasional cut out at high RPMs and thought it could only be fuel delivery, maybe some crud somewhere restricting the fuel flow. Next I shined up all of the body and installed the luggage rack. Frank drove out after work with some 6-packs and we were off to Richmond. I felt so good going over the bridge before the tunnel with the top down and the sun gleaming from the King of the Road headlamps. People stared and pointed as we motored on past, reaching quite high speeds. The 4.55 ratio was put to its first real test, having never been on a trip in this car before.

We drove rather fast, passing most cars. The traffic was quite congested and we wanted to get to Richmond in time to shower and hit the Richmond disco scene.

While stopping after seeing some dry bushes which we thought needed watering, we noticed a car pulling off the road ahead of us. And who do you think got out? Bess Mann. She explained that we passed her when she was going 70 mph in her Detroit iron. We talked for a while, then were back on the road again.

When we got to Richmond, we showered and noticed Frank's brother had left a note saying, "Gone to Katie O'Leary's." Frank and I sped off to the disco scene. We had our usual obnoxious time being a group of four guys over six feet tall, patting all the short girls on the head as we told them how cute they were. Dancing, drinking, more dancing and more drinking. Whenever the music stopped, I let out a loud belch while wearing a pair of little kid's sunglasses and an Arab headdress. Dan, Frank, and Mike introduced me to everyone as the Sheik. When some guy tapped me on the shoulder so he could see what I was wearing on my head, Dan said, "No one touches the Sheik. In his country you would have your hand cut off." This type of thing went on for about an hour.

Mike had the DJ announce that a camel had been lost in the parking lot; anyone finding it, please contact the Sheik, as I stood on a chair. We stayed till the usual closing time. When we went back to the TD, I noticed that it wouldn't start and that the hood catches were turned around so as to be in the unlocked position. I raised the hood and three of the high tension leads were disconnected. Remembering the proper firing order, I connected them and it started right up. Then I noticed glass on the front apron. My TD had been vandalized. The disco Vandals had struck. Since I parked under a street light so my car would always be in plain view of the public, I could see all the damage. We began to notice one thing after another. The fog lamp was gone, the side mirrors were broken, the motor meter was all beat up and there was fresh blood on it like someone had punched it or something. The headlamps were smashed and even the grill nose was all dented in. I was fit to be tied. I went and called the owner outside asking if he had insurance. He said he didn't. Then I asked him where the hell were his parking lot guards. Words flew back and forth as tempers flared up. I left saying I'd sue and drove home close behind Dan and Mike after the police came and filled out a property damage report. Dan is Frank's brother and Mike is an old time high school buddy. They questioned people in the parking lot while I was in the police car doing the report.

The next day we called a lawyer friend who claimed that nothing could be done. Heading back home, I vowed never to go to Richmond for a weekend and haven't been back since.

The next week I got hired to work for a government contractor as a computer programmer.

Can he keep a job or does he get into law school? Does he find a house? Does an airplane run into him while driving a '36 VA Tourer? Tune in next month for:

A job, a house, and a domesticated life--or, you look awful funny in the back field with all those car parts and a microwave oven--or still, Robert, back the car up so we can pull the airplane out--or even still, what's that propellor doing in your face.

Aston Martin Gives MG a Lift

LONDON (AP) — The MG, a sports car that was doomed to extinction because it didn't make money, was saved yesterday by a group of car-crazy businessmen.

The stylish two-seater had a reputation as a youthful sex symbol for generations of sports car fanciers in the 50 years since it made its debut, and an immediate outcry greeted September's announcement by British Leyland director Ray Horrocks that production would have to end.

MG owners' clubs, especially in the United States, where American car buyers no longer have much choice of convertibles, loudly voiced their disappointment. More than 70 percent of MGs are sold in the United States.

It was a special kind of company, too — no strikes in 50 years and employees whose grandfathers built MG cars.

Dennis Ogborn, manager of Britain's MG club, said of the the assembly line workers: "They believe in what they're doing and they're proud of it."

British Leyland said it was losing about \$1,980 on the cost of each car, whose prices in England start at about \$8,580 and go up to \$12,650 for the top MGB model.

Two car enthusiasts Peter Sprague of New York City and Briton Alan Curtis, decided to help save the MG. The two men were behind the rescue of the Aston Martin Car Co. in 1975.

MG is a less expensive car compared with the extravagant Aston Martin, which fictional spy James Bond made famous in "'007" films.

Aston Martin sought support from other car-buff businessmen and offered a bid to acquire the MG name from British Leyland, which wanted to keep on to its rights on the car.

Negotiations went on and off for months until yesterday, when the Aston Martin-led consortium finally clinched the deal for a reported \$66 million. In return, it got exclusive rights to build and sell the two-seater.

Specifically, the two sides reached agreement in principle for the consortium to buy MG's only plant, at Abingdon, 50 miles west of London, as well as the use of the MG marque. The letters are left from the original manufacturer's name — Morris Garages.

According to financial analysts, MG's new owners believe they can rescue the ailing car just as the Aston Martin company was saved.

Much of the MG problem has stemmed from complex U.S. legal requirements on pollution and safety standards, which raised the car's height and put huge black bumpers on its classic design. MG lovers complained they destroyed the car's looks and handling.

And as the price of making an MG went up, the number of young people able to afford the car went down, said Ray Hutton of Autocar, Britain's widely respected auto magazine.

"It's beginning to show its age rather badly," Hutton said.

"Traditionally they were young people's cars, but they've become rather expensive. And the fact that people began to get used to things like good heaters even in quite simple cars."



"MOM, 'MEMBER THIS MORNING WHEN YOU REMINDED POP TO HITCH THE M.G. TRAILER TO THE CAR? AND POP 'MEMBER WHEN YOU GOT MAD AND TOLD MOM YOU'D NEVER FORGET SOMETHING LIKE THAT?!"

Thanks to Dave Barrows for the clippings and Philip Ash for the cartoon.

Chief Tarr saves patrolman's life

It appeared that the "Angel of Death" was making his rounds as Patrolman Arthur Brown, a security guard at Naval Air Station Oceana, lay on the floor turning blue, then black and gasping.

Brown was handling an early morning assignment which took him to the Navy Exchange cashier windows, then he fell to the floor.

Beyond his recollection were the events which followed to save his life. Brown's clothing and belt were loosened by a military officer and an enlisted man on the scene.

Chief Petty Officer Levi Tarr left his cup of coffee in the nearby

cafeteria to investigate the commotion. He attempted mouth-to-mouth breathing, but Brown's jaws were locked tight.

Chief Tarr didn't give up! He began breathing through Brown's nasal passages, believing throughout his efforts that "God showed me what to do," for Brown began breathing again.

Personnel from the NAS Oceana branch clinic continued life-saving procedures when they arrived on the scene. Brown was transported to the clinic and stabilized before transfer to a civilian hospital. Nothing medically wrong was found and the blackout was diagnosed as a metabolic imbalance.

Brown, a one-year employee at NAS Oceana, is back to work. An Aircraft Intermediate Maintenance Department production control chief at the time of the incident, Aviation Electrician's Mate Chief Tarr has transferred to VF-33 at NAS Oceana.

Patrolman Brown gained three things from the incident—his life, a good friend and an unwelcomed \$800 medical bill.

Meet the new T.D. SERIES

MG MIDGET

a 'plus' version of a world-wide success

New features include: 4 speed gearbox, 1000 cc engine, 100 mph top speed, 1000 cc engine, 100 mph top speed, 1000 cc engine, 100 mph top speed.



ODDS *N ENDS--Welcome to newest member Charles Dixon and to returning member Pat McDonald.

Charles R. Dixon
58 Bob Circle
Forest, VA 24551
804-525-6787
1946 TC #2333
1954 TF #1265

Maj. P.J. McDonald
HQ.CO.
LFTCLANT
NAB Little Creek, VA 23521

At right is my poor attempt to reproduce the engraved invitation Louann sent to invite this whole crowd to the wedding. Unfortunately, the gold lettering would not copy well.

FOR SALE--

1951 TD (originally the Ashes' pink thing), running condition (more or less), needs much work, \$2700. Call Bill Games, 340-0688 (home) or 486-1300 (office).

MGA wire wheel conversion set--4 splines (\$15 ea.), 5 wheels (\$15 ea.), 4 knock-offs (\$10/ea.), or whole set, \$150. Call Dan Boswell, 486-1293.

WANTED--One supercharger crankshaft pulley (three grooves instead of one). Call Jim Barvard, (804)340-6737.

DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE NEWSLETTER IS 25 MAY 1980!

AND FINALLY--Congratulations to our own Levi Tarr who justly deserves the praise heaped on him for his life-saving efforts. And speaking of Good Samaritans, my thanks to Vince Groover for coming to my aid in the parking lot of the exchange at Little Creek on April 24. He had to crawl under the car in his uniform trying to get cranky old Morris started, but to no avail. Morris had to suffer the indignity of being towed home like a naughty child. (Why do these breakdowns never happen when Dan is driving?) But thanks and more to Vince for his aid. It's always nice to have a helping hand around when these obstinate old machines start wrecking havoc with one's best laid plans. Vince insisted on staying until Morris was trussed up behind the tow truck like a fat old turkey (while the garage man laughed, declaring he could tuck Morris in his back pocket and carry him home). This club is full of great people.

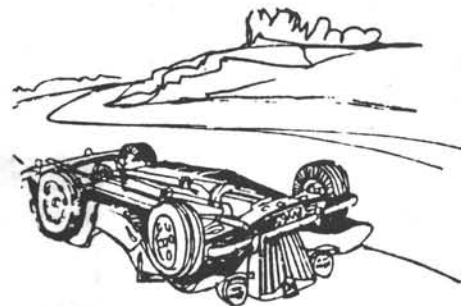
Also I do believe we still have some open meeting dates for July, September, October, and November. Call Ross and Ann Haines at 486-1496 and take your pick. It's never too soon to start planning.

Also, let's all remember Ted Spilman in our thoughts. Ted left two weeks ago on the EISENHOWER for the Indian Ocean. If anything breaks over there, as an F-14 pilot, Ted will be in the thick of it.

See y'all at the next meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Merton request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Louann Elizabeth to Mr. G. Theodore Hughes on Friday, the thirtieth of May Nineteen hundred and eighty at seven o'clock in the evening Wesley Memorial United Methodist Church Norfolk, Virginia

Reception following the ceremony Church Social Hall R.S.V.P. by May 23 583-1336



OOOPS!!!

Thanks to MG Talk-S.E.M.G.T.R.

MAY MEETING

WED MAY 7

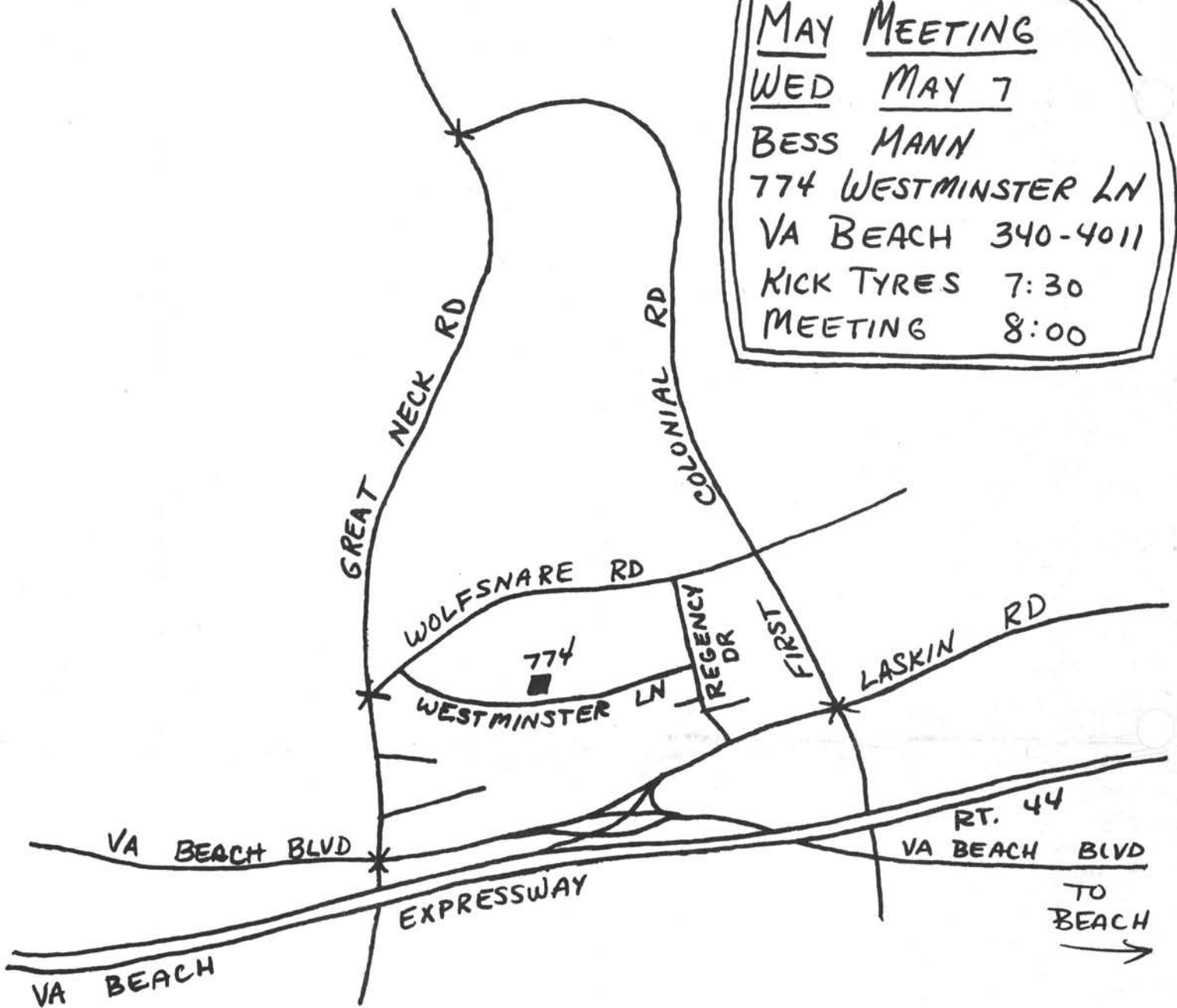
BESS MANN

774 WESTMINSTER LN

VA BEACH 340-4011

KICK TYRES 7:30

MEETING 8:00



TIDEWATER MG 'T' CLASSICS
636 ROYAL PALM DR
VA BEACH, VA 23452



ROSS & ANN HAINES
633 PINE TREE DR
VA BEACH VA 23452